fenses against the law, they pointed out some trivial violations of administrative regulations. The Governor then imposed a fine of two hundred rubles—the minimum prescribed by the regulations. The fine was paid by the friends of *The Irkutsk Word*. The next week the gendarmes extorted another fine, Rozhkov gave up, and the paper went out of existence.

A few months later, however, when we first met in Irkutsk, he told me of his plans for a daily newspaper, *Novaya Sibir'* (*New Siberia*). He insisted that it was easier to run a daily than a weekly. Only the first year might prove somewhat difficult, financially speaking. This time he intended to be particularly cautious, so that the gendarmes would find no pretext for interference. Sure of success, he had made a contract with a not very respectable small printing shop that specialized in printing handbills and obscene verses for brothels. The shop's charge was reasonable: a hundred rubles for each issue, including paper, printing, and office space in a narrow passage behind a row of cabinets.

Since October, 1905, there had been no preliminary censorship of newspapers in Russia, but no printing shop could issue a paper without the signature of a licensed "responsible publisher." Rozhkov had solved that problem, too. An old woman who operated a soft-drinks bar in the basement of the printing shop agreed to sign the newspaper as its responsible publisher. The editorial staff consisted of Rozhkov, Chuzhak, who handled the literary and arts department, and me. Chuzhak was a gloomy, taciturn man with an acute dislike for his fellow men in general and his newspaper colleagues in particular. An adamant Leninist himself, he despised us as renegades from Bolshevism and despised himself for working with us—which he did without any pay, as a public service, just as did the rest of us. He was a born journalist, with a biting, brilliant style.

We agreed that Rozhkov would take care of the business side and we two would have equal responsibilities as editors, but actually Chuzhak let me determine the policy of the newspaper, within the framework of police regulations.

There was not much to determine. We reprinted whatever news about the labor movement in Russia and abroad we could pick up from St. Petersburg and Moscow papers; we gave publicity—and occasionally headlines—to statements of the Black Hundreds, presenting them as the expression of government policy; commented ironically on the parliamentary antics—or so we regarded them—of the Cadets; printed information on the life of political exiles. This was about as far as a legal S-D newspaper could go.

Working conditions on the *New Siberia* were miserable. Cramped